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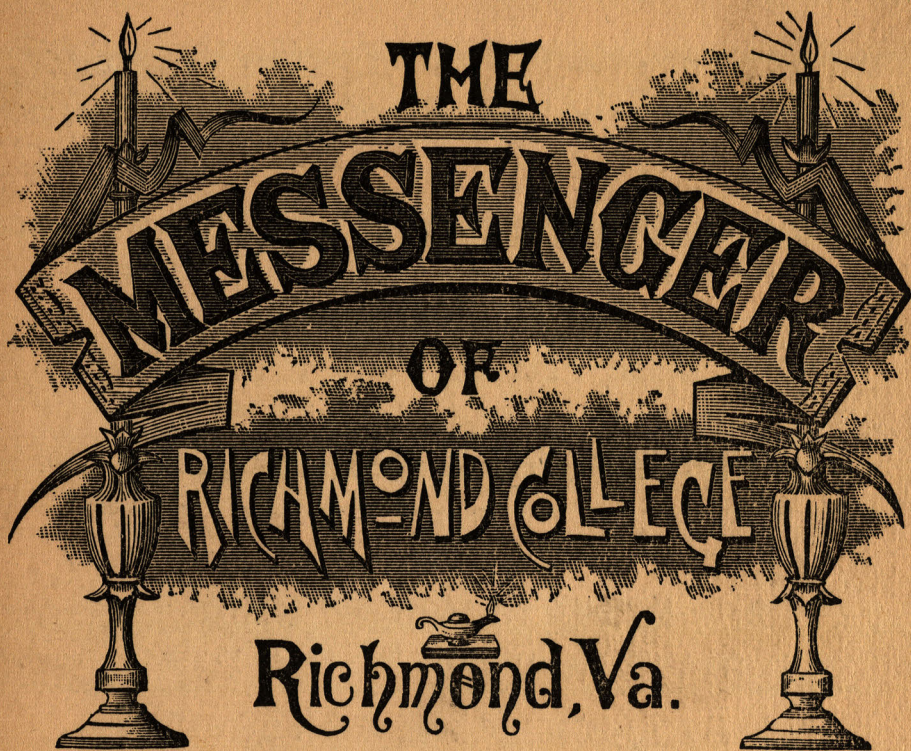


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Vol. XXV.

MARCH, 1899.

No. 5.

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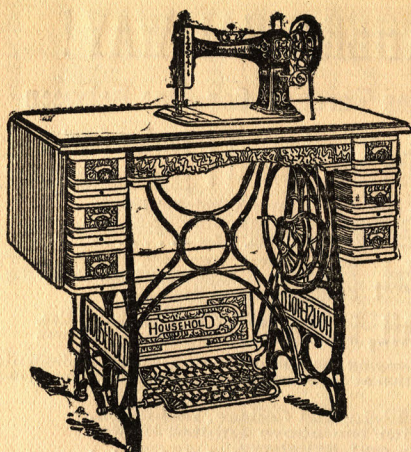
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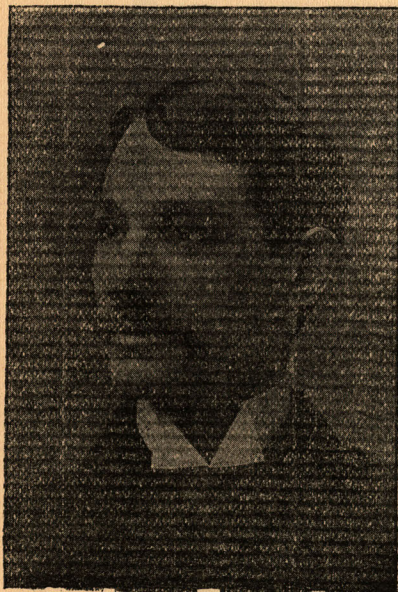
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VOL. XXV.

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No. 5.

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General Charles Lee.

IN Jefferson county, West Virginia, about fifteen miles from the historic town of Harper's Ferry, and six miles from Charlestown, where John Brown was hanged, is situated the little village of Leetown, the home of the writer. On the outskirts of this village is situated the "Lee house," the old home of General Charles Lee of revolutionary fame.

There are a great many very curious facts connected with this old house and with the life of the General, some of which may be of interest to the readers of the MESSENGER.

General Lee having bought a large tract of land in Jefferson county in 1773, built this house in about the center of his estate, several miles from any other dwelling. The surround-

ing country abounds in high hills, from which one can see some of the most magnificent views that nature affords, towering mountains, beautiful valleys, rolling hills and winding streams. But Lee, with no eye for beauty, ignored these, and selected for the site of his house a spot surrounded by hills that shut out all the beauties of nature. He undoubtedly planned this house for convenience and not for show. It is a low one-story building of stone, and, in his day, had neither porch nor wing. There was only one room, and this he divided into four by means of chalk marks on the floor, thus making a chamber, parlor, dining-room and kitchen. This, you see, was very convenient, as he could give his orders and manage his household affairs without going from room to room. The present owners of the place have made many additions to the building, but have preserved the original part of it just as it was in his day.

General Lee was a great soldier. Before coming to America he served several years as lieutenant in the British army, and also as major-general in the Russian army in their war against the Turks. Coming back to England, he was put in command of a part of the expedition under General Braddock. His career as an officer in both the British and Russian service was one of marked success and much honor.

In the struggle with the mother country he sided with the colonies and entered their service. The Continental Congress, recognizing his superior military ability, appointed him a major-general at the very outset of the war. He made a brilliant beginning. Success attended his every movement. The enemy soon found that he was a formidable foe, and his fellow-generals realized that in him they had a strong rival for fame and honor. But there was another man, a youth, who at this time was rapidly gaining renown. This was George Washington. Lee at once became very jealous of him, and this jealousy soon ripened into a bitter hatred. He did all in his power to injure Washington, even going so far as to try to turn the congress against him and persuade them to take the command

of the army out of his hands. But all of these attempts proved futile, and Lee began to despair of ever outstripping his rival. He began to realize that his own fame was about to be eclipsed by the rising genius of Washington; but he could not endure the thought of being second to any one, especially to one so much younger than himself. This so intensified his hatred that he determined to risk even his own good name in order to accomplish the downfall of his rival. His opportunity came, as he thought, in the battle of Monmouth (1778). General Washington had ordered him to charge the enemy from the rear when a certain signal should be given. In imposing this duty on Lee, Washington paid him a great compliment; for this charge was to be the most prominent feature of the battle, and, if conducted properly, would win the victory. Washington had confidence in Lee and believed that he was the man for this task, not suspecting how deep-rooted was Lee's jealousy toward him. Lee, however, did not feel flattered by this honor, but saw in it only an opportunity to injure his rival. He determined that he would cause the battle to be lost, and thus Washington would be deprived of the honor of a glorious victory. So, when the signal for the charge was given, instead of advancing he ordered his men to retreat, pretending that his forces were insufficient to cope with the enemy. Washington, as soon as he saw this, rode up to him, and with a severe rebuke ordered him to leave the field. Lee, making a very disrespectful reply, left the field in great wrath. Then, Washington having collected the scattered army made a brilliant charge, and gained the day that had been so nearly lost. For this insubordination and disrespect to Washington, Lee was tried by court-martial and suspended from service for one year. After this he wrote a very abusive letter to Congress, censuring them for allowing Washington to treat him in this way. For this offence he was dishonorably discharged from the army, and in great disgrace he retired to his home in Jefferson.

After this retirement, Lee, with a few slaves, lived in hermit-like seclusion, giving his time almost wholly to hunting and

fishing. Now and then he entertained a few of his most intimate friends, whose visits were made occasions of much revelry.

One incident of his retired life is of some interest. Washington having occasion to pass through Jefferson county determined that he would pay Lee a visit and try to conciliate him. Neither Washington nor any one else at this time suspected him of treason, but looked upon his action as a case of hardheadedness and self-will. It was many years after the war when his evil design was found out. So, Washington sent him word that he would dine with him on the following day. But on the appointed day, Lee, instead of preparing for a guest tacked on the door of his house this notice, "No dinner here to-day." Then, calling his dogs he mounted his horse and plunged into the forest for a day's hunt.

His last years were indeed years of sorrow. Disgraced, deserted by all but a few old friends, his hopes, aims and ambitions all blighted, he felt that his life had been a miserable failure. He died very suddenly while on a trip to Philadelphia.

We are filled with sorrow when we think of this genius dying bemoaned by so few, with scarcely a remembrance of one good deed to cast a ray of light into the darkness beyond, and knowing that his name would go down in history blackened by disgrace. How different might have been the condition of his death if he had not allowed his life to be ruined by jealousy and ambition.

His will, a copy of which has been preserved, is a very curious document, and is extremely characteristic of the eccentric old general. One request he made in this will was that he should not be buried within two miles of a Methodist, Presbyterian, or Baptist cemetery, as he had kept enough bad company while alive and did wish to continue it when dead.

It is impossible to admire or honor such a man as Charles Lee; but we cannot help having a feeling of sorrow and pity when we read of such a life as his; at first, radiant with every prospect of success, honor and fame; then, crushed and blighted by miserable envy and excessive ambition.

R. C. L. M.

Generosity.

THE day was drawing to a close. The sun had disappeared behind a long, dark ridge of mountains. The few clouds hanging softly to the west received a last touch of golden tinge from the god of day. Darkness was settling over the nooks and corners of a little southern hamlet. The mist from the river was rising, and the air was taking on that refreshing coolness which is so delightfully peculiar to our bonny Dixie.

It was about the middle of June. Schools and colleges all over the land were closing, and one by one the various bands of education-seekers were separating themselves and returning to their homes. What a far-reaching idea that is: in every valley, on both sides of every mountain chain, on the banks of each river, from every village, from everywhere, these young souls congregate, spend nine months in a new environment, then go back to their respective homes, and there diffuse the buoyant spirit they have acquired. How many an honest father's heart beats with pride and joy when his boy returns from college! Think, too, of the faded and gray-haired mother who stands on the front porch and weeping receives the darling boy as he springs elastically up the steps and into her arms. Oh, what a happy month is June!

Octavia Crawford stood at the window of a big, old-fashioned house, and watched the shadows grow longer and then thicken into darkness. She appeared to be somewhat beyond middle age, was tall, dignified, yet a touch of kindly sadness usually overspread her features. She had not that life and frivolity characteristic of a young girl; nor was she cross and morose—two attributes unfortunately often associated with a woman of her age who is unmarried.

She saw Bagley Worth look up from the street just in front of her house. He doffed his cap and ran to speak to her. He was a young fellow who had been away at college for the first

time, and was now at home to enjoy fully the delightful vacation. He had known "Miss 'Tavia" from the time when he began first to remember, and always liked to be with her. Yet he felt some constraint, in that there was something about her which he did not understand. She was kind and gentle, so when he had troubles with his playmates she would sympathize, but used a curious faculty of making him believe ordinarily that he had been over half wrong in the dispute. Thus naturally, after an hour or two at home he had to run over to see "Miss 'Tavia." She stepped out on the porch and greeted him heartily.

"Why, Bags, what a great big fellow you are getting to be! Have you had a good time? Are you glad to come back?" And dozens of other questions she poured at him, as they arranged two chairs behind the trellis-work over which crept a luxuriant growth of ivy.

He related the events of school-boy life that had befallen him since his departure—the honors he had won, the boys he had liked, the professors who were really helpful, and the trim little city girl who had made him wince under the gaze of her bewitching glances—but, all that aside now, he was charmed at being home again. Thus they sat for some time. Presently Bagley noticed that his companion was somewhat moved by his chatter. She was not weeping, there was scarcely a tremor in her voice, but unmistakably he had aroused unpleasant recollections.

"What is the matter, Miss 'Tavia? You seem worried. Have I been rude or unkind?" he mumbled, awkwardly.

"No, Bags. It is only that your ways and what you say bring back so vividly what I experienced long ago when you were a tot in arms. It may not be interesting to you, but I should like to tell, if you don't mind, a little story that is true." After assurances of his eager interest she began:

"Twenty years ago I had a friend about your age who had just completed his collegiate work at the Naval Academy, and was here spending a few weeks waiting for his appointment to

active service in the United States navy. Well, we were sweethearts, and expected to marry ere long. Those were happy days for me! He was bright and attractive, so very naturally I was a little proud to be Selbert Covington's choice of all the girls in town. And, too, I was no little envied. We went everywhere together—to all the entertainments, dances, and so on. One evening he took me to a hop, and it happened that a young lady from Annapolis was present. 'Sel,' as everybody called him, had known her there, and was right attentive at our dance—too much so, I thought. He danced with her at every opportunity, and to my jealous eyes he seemed a trifle bored when politeness called him back to me. I watched uncomplainingly, though, until once in passing I overheard him ask Harry Green to dance with me. Now, Harry Green was, of all the boys in town, the least attractive to me, and Selbert knew it. And to think, too, that he must urge others in order to have me entertained was rankling in no small degree. I maintained composure, however, and bade him adieu as pleasantly as ever when we reached home until he called next evening, though that affair did not quit my mind. I had come by feverish reasoning to believe firmly that I had been treated unfairly and unkindly. Selbert needed a reprimand or a dismissal, I thought, and I began the conversation by arraigning him severely. I loved him, and could not keep my words from ringing with bitterness. He denied wrong intentions, and said that I was foolish and silly. I knew it, too, but to keep up appearances and not show the ordinary female weakness which is so ready to forgive and make-up, petulantly I asked him to excuse me until the next evening, when I would have had time to think it all over again. He arose, as usual carried the chairs from the piazza into the hall, took his cap from the rack, and turned toward me. How nobly handsome he was as he gazed questioningly into my eyes! His face was drawn tightly, his lips were pale, his voice was affected though stoically calm.

“‘I’m sorry, ’Tavia,’ he said, ‘I hadn’t told you before, but

I came down to-night to say good-bye. My appointment as ensign aboard the *Raleigh* came this afternoon. I had hoped you would be glad, but—good-bye.' He touched my fingers lightly and turned away. I jumped to the steps to call him, but my breath—no, I'll be honest—my pride failed me. I could not speak. I sank to the floor and wept a long time. Oh, I was so miserable! Well, Bags, twenty Junes have passed, babies have grown to be men, since that night. I understand that he is commanding the new *Raleigh* in Eastern waters now; and war against Spain has been declared—may be a naval battle—and my hope will cease to be! Anyway, good night, Bagley, dear boy, I am nervous now."

Bagley Worth hurried down the street to his own home. Now he understood what "Miss 'Tavia" had meant all these years when she urged him to be generous toward the motives of others!

W. S. McN.

By Arthur J. Hall
 Later Prof. University
 at Bayton
 An Experience.

A sorrow like some taunting demon lurks
 Within my aching breast. I stand alone
 Upon the heath at eve and pour my grief
 Out to the winds, the heartless winds. And no
 One knows my grief and no one cares to share
 Such bitter woes. So I must bear it all
 Alone. And thus I grieve when other eyes
 Are turned to things more sweet.

A little while ago—it seems but yesterday—my soul
 Was swelled with joy to claim the precious boon
 Of Mary's love—a treasure more than gold.
 But joys are transient, life is changeful, grief
 So closely follows joy. 'Twas thus with me.
 A viler wretch ne'er trod the sod than met
 My darling Mary E——. His looks were good,
 His voice was low and sweetly tuned. He charmed
 My own dear girl; nor did she think to doubt
 His love. In earnest, tender tones he pledged

His love. Compared to his, my looks were cold,
My face no handsome marks portrayed ; but I
Was true, and would have poured my life-blood out
For her. Some women care not for such love,
Such true and honest character, unless
Dame Fortune place that love within a man
Of comely form. They care too much for show.
So very like a little child that thrusts
Its hand to snatch a full-blown rose, and does
Not think a thorn beneath its petals lies,
Until it writhes in pain, or sees its blood,
Anon come gushing from an ugly wound.
'Tis even thus with Mary now. Too late
She found that 'neath that comely face, behind
That pleasant mien, a dark and dreadful beast
Lay couching for his prey. She now repents.
But, ah ! too late ! And she must bear her blight
Of shame alone, while he escapes reproach.
It's hard to think that she was thus betrayed.
For I did love her much, poor, foolish thing.
And that same love dwells in my breast 'til now.

You tell me to rejoice that I escaped
Her thus ? That may be logical to you,
It is not real to me ; for love is real,
It still remains ; though all its objects fade
And die, it ever lives—divinely lives.
So now, though others scorn and turn their backs
Upon my whilom friend, I spend my time
In tears—in hot and scalding tears—for her.
It might not thus have been if only I
Had kept her love. But she denied me this,
And now she weeps ; poor Mary weeps. Oh ! where
Does consolation dwell for such poor souls ?
For she's in shame and I'm alone. Oh ! how
Can human soul bear up, bowed down with such
A load ? I cannot bear it, I must die !

I turn me all around ; and how strange I feel !
Sensations start my blood to flowing fast,

And make my very being shake ! Oh ! yes !
 'Tis morn ; I've just aroused from restless sleep.
 Rejoiced to find it all a dream ; I rose.
 But, ah ! These dreams ! No one can tell what they
 Portend ! They sometimes may, and sometimes not,
 Some bad misfortune threatened tell to us.
 Around me and above that vision flowed ;
 And ere I left my bed I bowed in prayer,
 And prayed for sweetheart Mary. Was it wrong ?
 For who can name some tenderer plants that need
 A kindlier shield than young and tender maids ?
 A man a thousand wrongs may do, and then
 Resolve to mend ; a thousand hearts and more
 Will welcome his return to good. But let
 A woman fall but once, and she is doomed.
 So, pondering thus, and knowing not what all
 That awful dream foretold, I, kneeling down,
 With yearning heart, poured out my soul to God.
 I prayed that Heaven would angels send to 'ncamp
 Around my darling girl ; for who can guard
 A maid so well as angels from above ?
 Vile demons strive in vain to wound the soul
 That's nestled down beneath an angel's wing.

* * * * *

That ne'er-to-be-forgotten day has passed,
 But still the answer to that prayer remains ;
 For Mary stands so fair beside me now,
 And makes my life complete with sweetest joy.

Our Political Situation.

IN a country like ours, where the people are supposed to rule, questions of greater or less moment are continually arising.

The masses are frequently thrown into a state of agitation and commotion through fear that some destructive crisis is at hand, and that we, as a nation, are about ready to totter and fall. But so far, we have succeeded in adapting our measures to our exigencies. Whether such will continue to be the case, I am not able to divine.

Infrequently, and one by one, time deals out truly great events, imperative exigencies, and puzzling problems. It fell to our lot to begin our national life with a revolutionary war. Great men appeared to face and solve the knotty problems and to fight the gory battles until finally the Revolution disappeared like waves receding from an insulted shore. The times of 1812 and 1845 came and went, but as yet, no serious calamity. Question upon question arose, excited the masses for a season; but in spite of all the inauspicious dreams of mad politicians we continued to live. The great questions of slavery and States' Rights came on apace. Men, North and South, went wild, and it seemed as if utter annihilation stared the young republic in the face. But along with the last deathly sound of war, there died away also even the last echoes of these inflaming and momentous questions. The question of States' Rights, 'tis true, was settled by force of arms rather than by right or reason; nevertheless it was settled, and settled forever. The American people are generally not loath to abandon old issues, but are fiery in seizing upon new ones. Hence we nearly always have new issues, and are always approaching a crisis, but never get quite there. Nearly all the so-called great issues carry no weight of importance whatever, and yet they stir the masses to the very highest pitch of enthusiasm and excitement. Every four years, prophets arise, and in their mad enthusiasm and crave for office, declare the end close at hand, unless a certain course be pursued. In the last presidential campaign the leaders of the two great political parties lost sight of the questions that have heretofore divided them, and on the one side it was declared that free silver would bring calamity; while on the other it was claimed that nothing but free silver could save the country from oppression and bankruptcy. Now that question is settled, for a time at least, and, like the pendulum of an old clock, we continue to mark off time just as before.

We are almost upon the verge of another presidential campaign. The policy of the two parties has been hitherto to

make the fight on some new issue, whenever so fortunate as to find one. But in case no new issue is found, they instinctively fall back on the aged and venerable tariff question. The matter of making money by way of office-holding will, as usual, figure quite largely in 1900; but the question of free coinage will not be the next issue. A large majority of the Democratic party will doubtless desire free silver, or some other kind; but just as sure as it appears in our next national platform, we shall suffer the greatest defeat ever administered by the Republican party. It has been brought to a test and demonstrated beyond all question that Mark Hanna's money is superior to that of Bryan's. Yet the two parties will not lack for a new issue. The guns of Admiral Dewey did something more than destroy a Spanish fleet in the harbor of Manila. Their echo came back to us in a question entirely new in the history of our government. That question of expansion, or American imperialism, is destined to be the living, paramount issue of 1900—the Republicans choosing expansion, while the Democrats will adhere to the policy of the founders of our government. This, in my judgment, is one of the gravest questions that ever confronted the American people. Its gravity lies in the fact that when once we choose and enter fully upon the new policy, there is no possible ground for retreat. There is danger, then, in entering upon such a course until we are sure it is the best policy. I do not believe, however, that we should oppose imperialism simply because it is in opposition to the doctrine taught by Washington, Monroe, or any other great statesman of the past; but we should favor or oppose it according as it is good or bad policy under the existing conditions and circumstances. We must decide great issues upon their merits, and not according to traditions or past policies. Each generation is taxed to its utmost capacity when it makes laws and adopts policies that successfully meet the demands of its own age, and it would be the height of folly for one age to try to legislate for all subsequent ages; for new conditions demand new policies. The evils, however, of the expansion theory are very evident and very great. If we adopt this

policy, we immediately become a nation of war, advancing by conquest or falling by defeat. We shall have to turn our peaceful laborers into one vast army, and our vessels of commerce into weapons of war. We might successfully ride the seas. Yet I do not believe that our mission is one of conquest, nor do I see how we can be held accountable for all the perpetrations of tyranny and oppression on the other side of the world. If we needed more territory, we might afford to expand a little; or if we needed more heathen than we have, we could be supplied without going all the way to the Philippines. If, on the other hand, America is to be the guardian-angel of this world, she will find that her task is enormously large and exceedingly difficult to perform. Perhaps we have just as much within our present confines as we can well attend to. If, however, we wish to contribute largely to the humanization of the world, I am sure we can render a far greater service to humanity by developing on our own continent a high type of industrial civilization than we can by any foreign conquests to which we may aspire. Let us guard our steps and not go wild over a victory gained over a power tottering and ready to fall. Let us remember that if we become a nation of war, all our battles will not be fought against Spanish fleets at Manila, or Spanish troops at Santiago. I know our victories in Spanish waters were marvelous, yet what nation cannot vanquish a foe that has wars within and wars without, and no means by which to wage war? If ever we are so unfortunate as to become entangled in the complicated affairs on the other side of the globe, we shall need more guns than Dewey and Sampson ever commanded, more money than Hanna ever controlled, and more statesmanship than belongs to the Republican party.

This question will be decided in 1900 by the citizens of this great republic. The die will then be cast. Old Democracy is already preparing for the great fight, and I predict that the dawn of the twentieth century will be celebrated by the most magnificent victory over the Republican party ever won by the triumph of truth over error. Then we can hope that our

course with reference to the islands of the seas will be characterized by great wisdom and will result in the greatest possible permanent prosperity to our native land.

J. W. T. M.

The Power of Personality.

IT has been truthfully said, "Nature never rhymes her children, nor makes two men alike." As in all the forests we cannot find two leaves alike, so in all the world we cannot find two men alike in character or disposition.

In whatever place we contemplate mankind we notice personal diversities. Some are almost perfect in form or face, while others are pitifully deficient in both. We also see a graduated scale of disparities in their mental endowments. Not all are gifted with equal compass of imagination, or strength of memory, or power of reasoning.

Men also differ widely in their moral nature; some seem by nature almost divine, while others are depraved and corrupt. So wide apart are the two extremes in the sphere of their moral nature that a close observer has said that he does not find so much difference betwixt beast and beast as betwixt man and man.

Great as are the diversities of persons, each has a distinct personality, by which is meant the soul with all its endowments and capabilities, such as the intellect, the sensibility, and the will.

Primarily, personality is innate. As the oak is in the acorn, the butterfly in the chrysalis, so is the man in the child, not, however, with the same fixedness of type. The oak and the butterfly develop naturally and unerringly to perfection; not so with human kind. Personality is largely developed by education and environment. Give the vine a tree and it will climb, leave it to itself and it will trail in the dirt; give the soul a high ideal and a noble aspiration and it will reach upward to the divine, leave it alone and it will trail in the dust of selfishness and sensuality.

The power of personality is everywhere intelligible and convincing. As expressed by Emerson, "All things exist in the man tinged with the manners of his soul, and a healthy soul stands united with the just and true, as the magnet arranges itself with the pole, so that he stands to all beholders like a transparent object betwixt them and the sun."

The frequenters of drinking-saloons and gambling-dens reveal to the world characters deformed and blasted, sapped of all that ennobles and refines.

The time at last arrives when foul dissipation leaves its shocking mark, and the very society that once found an idol in the victim now turns away with disgust.

Had Cleopatra given her soul a high ideal she would have been a light to illumine the pathway of others instead of a tempest to destroy.

Alexander is famed for vanquishing many nations, but, alas! he failed to conquer his own self, which would have been far more profitable to him than taking into captivity the world. Not only great heroes, but depraved natures as well, imprint their characters on all around them. In every sphere what some accomplish by effort others effect by magnetism.

Pericles, by the spell of his personal magnetism and force of his grand personality, made Athens all-powerful in Greece and the people all-powerful in Athens. A glance from Napoleon was sufficient to make the most determined of his men tremble with submission.

The presence of Joan of Arc seemed to inspire the French soldiers, and the English quailed before her with superstitious dread.

There are persons homely in form, wanting in certain regularity of outline and feature, or in softness and delicacy of expression, still they are endowed with a personal charm that seems to rise out of a pure and noble soul and fall on us like a benediction. Plato said it was impossible not to believe in the children of the gods though they should speak without necessary or probable arguments.

What scene in all history is grander than that of the Diet at

Worms, where a single man, by the force of his personality, braved and quelled the mighty potentates, who looked and listened. In all societies and associations, social, political, and religious, the power of personality is universal and undying.

How important it is that by a wide and persevering Christian culture we train ourselves into noblest personalities so as to be companionable to the best on earth and the holiest in heaven.

L. W.

A Sad Story.

Mary had a little brute
As fat as it could waddle,
And everywhere that Mary'd scoot,
That little pup would toddle.
It tugged her down the street one day
Close up behind the buggy ;
Oh, how it loved to run away,
This naughty little puggy.

One day when Mary went to church,
This frisky little scamp,
Thought he'd leave her in the lurch
And go and play the tramp.
So down upon the ties he trots,
The ones all poor tramps use ;
Till worn out on the track he squats
And falls into a snooze.

He, fast asleep, did not observe—
Ah ! sad to tell the story—
The fast express came 'round the curve
And sent him up to glory.
Then came along a butcher man,
Who once had loved that pup,
And with his brush and big dust-pan,
He swept that poor dog up.
Next Wednesday, Mary got him back,
But pup looked not the same,
He did not come when she called Jack,
For Bologna was his name.

"Who Can Understand His Errors?"

—*Psalm, xiv.*

IT WAS the good fortune of Rabbi Jehuda ben Ezra, a most humble man and excellent teacher, to live in the early period of the world's existence. Fortunate, because in that period the social, political, commercial, and religious problems were far less numerous and perplexing than they are to-day, and he who was studiously inclined invariably wandered into the beautiful and fascinating gardens of philosophy, where his whole life was spent in that purest, most noble, and unselfish study which has for its motto: "Given truth, to find God." Jehuda being an only son, his father lavished every care upon him, especially upon his educational training. In his early youth it was already whispered about that Jehuda would not only be a joy to his parents but a light among Israel. Thus the young man steadily grew both in wisdom and learning and in the esteem and respect of his countrymen, who appointed him Chief Rabbi when he was but twenty-two years old. For fifty years he performed the duties of his office to the fullest satisfaction of the entire community, endearing himself in their hearts more and more with the revolving years. The poor and the rich, the young and the old, the stranger and native, were listened to with equal care and attention, and his decisions were just. To him the merchant came for advice, the student for enlightenment, the afflicted for hope and consolation, the happy for blessings, the sinner for guidance, and all found in him a true friend and an honest counsellor. Naturally, such a man, in those days of leisure and "plenty of time," was accompanied by a train of followers, mostly young men ambitious to become like their teacher, or as near it as possible. To these, on a certain festival, when story-telling was in order, he narrated the following:

"From my early manhood my greatest desire was to get a glimpse, at least, of the borderland of Paradise while I was

yet a mortal. For this I longed and prayed and fasted days at a time, when finally, in the fifteenth year of my Chief Rabbiship, as I was kneeling in silent prayer I was suddenly enveloped in a balmy, zephyr-like mist, and was transported to the very gates of Paradise. There I was met by Eleazer ben Azariah, our former High Priest. He stayed the revolving swords of the angels that keep watch, and gave me admittance with this command: 'What thou wilt see to-day, that mayst thou tell on earth, but what thou wilt see on morrow, that mayest thou not tell on earth, but keep within thee till thou returneth again.' Therefore I shall tell thee only what I saw on the first day. After I had passed through the gates I was led to a large and beautiful hill, whence I could clearly see in a circuit of several miles. As I was gazing upon the most picturesque landscape that ever mortal beheld, I descried in the far-distant horizon a rider approaching with storm-like rapidity, and soon I made out that he was a courier, evidently on an errand. At the base of the hill, and about a quarter of a mile from where I was standing, was a well. Here the courier stopped to refresh himself and his horse. After doing so he looked at his time-piece, and, seeing that it was yet early, let his horse graze while he lay down in the tall grass to rest. Being tired from his long ride, he fell asleep and evidently slept longer than he ought, for when he awoke and looked at his watch he suddenly sprang up, saddled his horse, and in a moment was off for his destination with the speed of an eagle. In his haste, however, he let fall from his pocket a portmanteau, in which there was a letter and many Government notes. A few minutes after he left, a well-grown lad with an urn on his shoulder came to the well to get water. Seeing the portmanteau, he picked it up, and, with much glee, hurried home. Shortly afterwards an old beggar, half-blind, lame, and bowed down with trouble and age, came to rest his weary limbs. Having washed himself with the refreshing water, he took from his pouch some of the food that was given him and ate it, after which he soon fell asleep. In the mean time the courier, on nearing his destination, felt for the portmanteau, but, to his

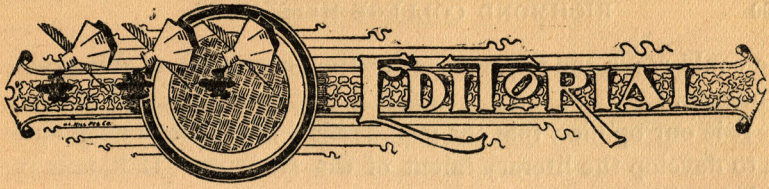
grief, he had lost it. Riding back in all haste to the well—the only place at which he had stopped on the entire journey—he saw the old beggar, about twenty cubits beyond the well, proceeding to the next village. Dismounting, he searched the place where he had slept but a short while before, and, not finding it, he suspected the old beggar with having found it. His suspicion was changed into conviction when he observed that the old beggar was hastening away as fast as he could, and, besides, he had met no one else either going or returning. Riding up to him, the courier harshly said: 'Old man, you have the portmanteau which I dropped in the grass near the well, and which I must forthwith have.' The beggar was confused; he did not clearly understand, and was about to declare his ignorance of the matter when the courier hastily interrupted him, saying: 'There is no need of delaying; I am convinced that you have it, for no one else has been here since I left. Know that it is a matter of life and death, for if I do not deliver the letter and notes my life is lost. Wherefore, it will be two lives instead of one if you do not either return the portmanteau or disclose where you hid it.' The beggar fell on his knees and piteously implored him to give him a hearing, at the same time protesting his innocence; but the courier, desperate by reason of the fate that was awaiting him, unmercifully whipped him to death. Several times I attempted to go to the old man's rescue, but felt some strange power restraining me. I was almost wild with grief. I had seen an innocent old man beaten to death, had heard his cries and groanings, and could not help him. My agony was indescribable. I could no longer restrain myself. 'Oh!' I cried, 'are Truth and Justice but empty words—mere products of the imagination? Are such deeds perpetrated in Heaven? Is not the earth too full of such, and must one meet with the same in Paradise? Oh, what can it be? Where am I?' And while I was thus in sore perplexity, asking myself these questions, a beautiful angel appeared unto me and asked: 'Oh, mortal man! why art thou so grieved, so vexed in this abode, where no sorrow nor grief nor pain is known?' 'How can this be?'

I asked, 'when I have but this moment seen an old, innocent beggar pitilessly whipped to death by a courier who suspected him of having found his portmanteau. But a lad, who had come for water, found it and carried it off?' And, divinely smiling, the angel answered: 'Have peace, O mortal, and be not distressed! Know that the beggar thou sawest was in his manhood a reckless robber, and among other crimes had killed and robbed the father of the lad that found the portmanteau, therefore must he be slain, and the courier's mother had poisoned her step-child, therefore must her own child perish.' So saying, the divine form vanished, and I, falling on my knees, cried: 'Who can understand his errors?'"

There is food for thought in this short story. Nor is there a new idea in it. Indeed, a similar thought was to the unknown author of the Book of Job, when he endeavored to impress the fact that sometimes even the absolutely righteous are afflicted for reasons beyond the human comprehension or for no reason at all. The same did Sophocles attempt in his *Œdipus Tyrannus*, when he made King *Œdipus*, an almost perfect character, suffer horrible woes for the crime his father committed. So, when our good and honest neighbor meets with continued reverses, and misfortune follows misfortune, while full success attends every act of a far less-deserving one, we are inclined to question its justice, at least, we inwardly ask "Why?" The free-thinker and surface philosopher who see only the effects, but are ignorant of the causes, exultingly ask: "Is such your God and this His righteousness?" But to the man of faith and the true philosopher, "whatever is, is right," for "Who can understand his errors?"

JOSIAH MOSES.





Called upon to undertake the duties and responsibilities of the Editor-in-Chief of our College magazine, it is our desire to express here our profound gratitude for the favor the members of the two societies have conferred upon us, to declare a sincere consciousness of the knowledge that the task is above our talents, and that we approach it with those anxious and awful presentiments which the greatness of the charge and the weakness of our powers so justly inspire. A magazine, representing the literary societies of a college whose influence is felt over much of our wide and fruitful land, going into the homes of many of the first families of this country, acting largely as a medium through which our College, which is rapidly advancing to destinies beyond the reach of mortal eye, is made known to the outside world; when we contemplate these transcendent objects we shrink from the contemplation, and humble ourselves before the magnitude of the undertaking. Utterly, indeed, should we despair, did not the assurance arise that in each member of both societies we shall find abundant resources of sympathy, of support, and of zeal on which to rely under all difficulties. To you, then, fellow-colleagues and associate editors, we shall ever look with encouragement for that guidance and support which may enable us to steer with safety and success the vessel in which we are all embarked, and in whose destiny we should be most deeply concerned.

If, then, we wish to make our journal a good one we must organize ourselves for permanent, aggressive work. You may as well exhort the wingless bird to fly, the feeble insect to rise up and speak, or the lifeless statue to breathe, as to tell the Editor-in-Chief to get out a first-class magazine without the support of the associate editors and the other members of the societies. Left to himself he could no more do the work than

he could reach the farthest star or the outer walls of this great universe.

It is our opinion that the prime object of a college magazine is to develop the literary talent of the students. If it fails in this it fails altogether.

A LESSON FOR US.

In connection with Admiral Dewey's Manila victory, a story is told of him at once instructive and explanatory. It is said that he always insisted that his ship should be thoroughly "dressed," that it was always the smartest and spickest of all our vessels. Nothing was out of order. Everything was in its place, and he insisted upon the utmost exactness upon the part of officers and men in all their duties, small as well as great. This is the quality which gave him the victory at Manila—the quality of looking after details and of thoroughness in all his work. It is the quality which insures success in every department of life, and without which success is absolutely unattainable except by luck, and that is not "success." There is great truth in the lines which Gilbert puts into the mouth of Sir Joseph Porter, in Pinafore:

"I polished up the handle so successfullee
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's navee."

If polishing the handle of the big front door is our present business, it must be done, as the slang phrase has it, to the Queen's taste, if we are to have any larger work and greater responsibility in the future.

It was the purpose of the MESSENGER to greet its readers not later than the 15th of this month, but

"The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft a gley."

This delay was due principally to the fact that there was very little matter in the hands of the Editor-in-Chief worthy of publication till late in the month. We sincerely hope that this

will not be the case again. We realize that time is precious, that the final examinations will soon be upon us, and that the "spring fever" is very prevalent, but let us not allow these things to keep us from contributing something to the MESSENGER.

THE REAL MAN

Can rarely if ever be judged aright at first sight, and few people ever think of attempting such a thing. There is so much in this world that is artificial, so much that glitters in borrowed light, that it is not singular that real nobility and worth are often looked upon as some baser metal, so much so that it is no slight task to discriminate rightly between the true and the false, the real and the assumed.

In the society of his fellow-men, man ought not to be rated by his possessions, by the manner he assumes, by what he merely pretends to be. The light laughter that bubbles on the lips of some pretended friend often mantles over brackish depths of envy, jealousy, and deceit, while the serious, or what sometimes appears to be a stern look, may be the sober veil that covers a divine peace. The greatest characters of antiquity are but little known. Curiosity follows them in vain, for the veil of oblivion successfully hides the greater portion of their lives.

The world oftentimes knows nothing of its best and truest men. Their lives were passed in obscurity, but real nobility of character was theirs, and this is nearly always unseen and unknown.

Real worth, as a rule, does not lie close to the surface, and only those who take the time and pains for careful study and examination need ever hope to find that which is real nobility of character in his fellow-man. As in the works of nature the bog is sometimes covered with flowers and the mine concealed in barren crags, so bigotry, prejudice, and all that is counterfeit, may lie hidden beneath the flowery surface of smiles and pretensions, while true benevolence and charity may be found

in him whose natural disposition forces him to appear indifferent and stern.

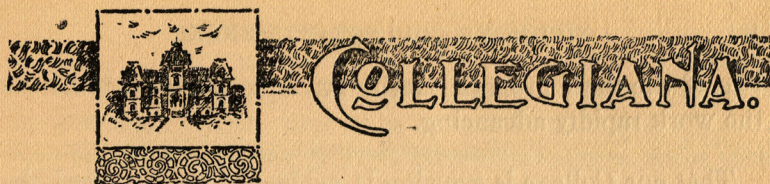
This duplicity of character is just as prevalent among college men as it is in the busy world about us, but one must be very slow to learn who does not see that it is not always the student (?) who loafs the most, for the purpose, perhaps, of winning popularity, that would be quickest to help his fellow should there come some real demand for friendship and heroic action.

The man who thinks one way and acts another cannot last long. Life will assert itself, and at last the worthless disguises are worn off. On the other hand, the man who has the stamina to stand against the force of prejudice and power, the courage of his convictions to obey the call of conscience and do his duty, must sooner or later succeed. He will ultimately draw to himself an army of men who will carry his banner from victory to victory, and will finally enthrone him conquerer and king.

You sometimes see in the little yellow-backed volume so dear to the summer sport and his fair companion, the extravagant statement, from the "ruby lips" of the most beautiful little piece of femininity that ever had "golden brown" hair, and eyes that robbed the summer skies of their "azure blue," that she always makes up her mind the first time she meets a person whether or not she will like him, and that this first impression is never afterwards changed.

This may be true for the imperious little angel, but it is certainly not true of the *sensible* college man.

But why all this? Simply to remind our fellow-students that the lesson for the wise man to learn is to guard against mere appearances in others, and for himself to pursue the straightforward, open course, and in a world of deceit and intrigue show himself a man that can be relied on. Thus, his life will be influential for good, and no blaze born in all the eulogy of man can burn beside the sunlight that he will leave behind. After all, there is nothing grander than such living.



The Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society gave its annual public debate in the Assembly Hall on the night of March 31st. Though the weather was somewhat threatening, yet a large audience was in attendance, and all were pleased with the excellent debate. After the literary programme was over, the Society, with its friends and guests, retired to the Society hall, where an informal reception was held and light refreshments served. Quite a number of our fair sisters from the Woman's College honored and delighted the Society by their presence, twelve of them receiving the guests in a most charming manner.

We are now in the midst of a very entertaining and instructive series of lectures being delivered by different members of the Faculty. On the night of March 30th, our senior member of the Faculty, Professor Charles H. Winston, delivered a lecture on "Some Recent Advances in Physics and Astronomy." One week later Dr. J. A. C. Chandler lectured on "Aristocracy and Democracy in Virginia." Both lectures were well attended by students and friends of the College, and each of them was thoroughly enjoyed.

We are glad to be able to state that President Boatwright, who suffered a slight accident some time ago, is now much better, and able to be out again.

There are a great many "swelled" heads in and about College now, since quite a number of us have the mumps, some in the singular, others in the plural number.

A continuous hammering heard on the campus keeps us all reminded of the fact that our Science Hall is rapidly going up,

two of the three proposed stories are now above ground, and the work rapidly advancing.

That our College is growing is evidenced by the need that we have for new buildings. To supply this ever-growing need, one building (as mentioned above) is already in course of construction. The foundations for another elegant building (dormitory) will soon be laid. It will stand to the north of the main building, and its architecture will be made to harmonize with that of its new sister-building, standing to the right of the main structure.

The student body is not co-operating with the management and editors of the Annual as much as could be expected. Let us all "gather 'round the band wagon" and make the music a success.

The many visits to Richmond of one of our alumni, Rev. W. W. Edwards, have at last terminated in one final and supreme visit. This time, however, he did not return alone, but carried with him a beautiful bride.

The Second Baptist church was the scene of a very pretty wedding on March 22d, when Miss Frances Yarborough, of Richmond, was united in marriage to Rev. Willis W. Edwards, of Southampton county (B. A. '98). We extend for the student body our very best wishes to the happy couple.

Rev. W. R. D. Moncure, who was called to the bedside of his son several days ago, has returned to his home, in West Virginia.

We are glad to know that "R. L. C." has recovered from his recent attack of rheumatism, and is now able to take up his class-work. Better not stay out too late at night, old fellow, or that "rheumatiz" will return.

Among those who conducted the Chapel worship during the month of March were, Rev. Calvin Stuart, of the Church of the Covenant, and Prof. S. C. Mitchell. It is not necessary

to say that they brought us something good and well worth our hearing. Those who have attended Rev. Mr. Stuart's church or have listened to Prof. Mitchell's lectures know their ability to entertain and instruct.

The public debate of the Philologian Society took place in the College Chapel March 17th. The participants, Messrs. W. E. Howard, J. W. Cammack, R. A. McFarland, J. B. France, S. M. Sowell, and C. C. Pearson, did honor to themselves and to the occasion.

Immediately after the debate the large audience that had assembled adjourned to the Library Hall, where the Society tendered them a most delightful reception. All the students with their lady friends were invited, and the occasion was greatly enjoyed by all.

At a regular meeting of the Philologian Society, April 7th, the following officers were elected :

Final President, C. C. Pearson ; President, E. T. Poulson ; Vice-President, R. W. Neathery ; Recording Secretary, R. H. Talley ; Censor, W. R. Owen ; Critic, S. M. Sowell ; Chaplain, J. W. Shepard ; Sergeant-at Arms, Edgar Allen.

Father—Son, can't you possiby cut down your college expenses ?

Son—I might possibly do without any books.—*Yale Record*.

Father O'Leary, a well-known Roman Catholic priest and wit, was on very friendly terms with his neighbor, the Church-of-England vicar. They met on the road one day, when the vicar said excitedly,

"Oh, Father O'Leary, have you heard the awful news?"

Father O'Leary—"No, what is it, at all?"

Vicar—"Something awful. The bottom has fallen out of purgatory, and all the Catholics have tumbled into hell!"

Father O'Leary—"Oh, dear! oh, dear! what a crushing the poor Protestants must have got."—*London Chronicle*.



THERE is a striking similarity between the conduct of youth and the birds of the air; and in no time of the year is this more clearly seen than in spring. When the buds begin to open and the grass to spring, then the songsters of the forest awake as to new life, and are so filled with the joy of Nature that, as Chaucer says, they sleep all night with open eyes. How like youth! It is not proof against the sweet, seducing charms of spring. The emembrance of life seems to ooze, as it were, through every pore of the skin. This fact is strikingly illustrated on the College campus. All through the dreary months of winter the campus is like some "deserted village"; but

When April show'rs begin to fall,
Bringing light and life to all,

then the scene changes and various forms of athletic activity greet the eye. Listen: The tennis man cries out, "ready?" and the receiver replies, "Let her come." Down on the baseball diamond the umpire is roaring out first, "strike," then "ball," and from a remote corner of the campus comes the shrill voice of the basket-ball manager's whistle, as he summons the men to the field or calls down a "fouler."

The Athletic Association held its regular monthly meeting on April 4th. A great amount of business was worked off of hands with wonderful skill and rapidity. All the members seemed to take an absorbing interest in the work and welfare of the Association. Among many other important matters, the subject of Field-day was considered and the following committee of arrangements appointed: Samuel Stone (chairman), assisted by Messrs. Jordan, Robinson, Rawles, and Owen. Special mention should be made of Mr. W. S. McNiell, of South Carolina. This gentleman has been a most loyal member of the Association, and many of the plans

adopted by this organization have been born of his fertile mind.

The Tennis Association is keeping the even tenor of its way. Two new nets have recently been secured and arrangements made to keep a supply of good balls on hand. This is a very important matter. Playing with skinned balls should not be countenanced by the Association.

The gymnasium is still "in the ring." Notwithstanding the many out-door attractions, the classes are well attended and great interest and enthusiasm manifested. From now on, much attention will be given to out-door exercise, such as running, jumping and vaulting, &c. This change is made in order to prepare the contestants for Field-day. All success to them!

The time for Field-day has not yet been decided upon. However, plans are taking shape and preparations being pushed to completion. In a private interview on this subject with Gymnasium-Instructor Williams, the Editor has been informed that indications are very encouraging and prospects very promising that Field-day will be a "howling" success. So mote it be!

Basket-ball has come to be too prominent a part of our athletics not to be mentioned even in so brief an outline as the present article. Two teams have been organized, with Messrs. J. W. Cammack and J. L. Hart as captains, and Mr. J. P. Scruggs, manager. Arrangements for match-games and special preparations for Field-day are being made.

The "Spiders" are the center of interest at present. The fact is that even the most sober and moderate of our students can't refrain from speaking of the excellences of our base-ball team. If they don't win victories we shall be surprised. But they will win victories, therefore we shall not be surprised.

The following gentlemen compose the team: A. Paul Bagby, captain; Withers, Boyd, and Lambert, pitchers; Sanford, Leonard, and Philips, hold down the bases; Graves, Powell, Robinson, and Boston, fielders.

THE SEASON'S SCHEDULE.

The schedule for 1899 has been planned and negotiated for with much labor on the part of the manager, Mr. G. E. Gregory. The schedule for this year is of unusual length, and promises to be of great interest. "Success" will be the war-cry as they go from victory to victory. It is given below, as far as completed :

April 7th—Roanoke College, at Richmond.

April 8th—Randolph-Macon, at Ashland.

April 12th—Hampden-Sidney, at Hampden-Sidney.

April 13th—St. Albans, at Radford.

April 14th—Blacksburg, at Blacksburg.

April 15th—Roanoke College, at Salem.

April 15th—Alleghany Academy, at Roanoke.

April 17th—Randolph-Macon, at Richmond.

April 22d—Hampden-Sidney, at Richmond.

May 2d—Trinity College, at Richmond.

May 4th—Blacksburg, at Richmond.

May 6th—Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington.

May 8th—Washington and Lee, at Lexington.

May 10th—University of Virginia, at Charlottesville.

May 20th—Washington and Lee, at Richmond.

Negotiations with Fredericksburg Episcopal High School, Woodbury Forest, and University of Maryland, are yet going on.



EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

A word of sarcasm well aimed and well intended will often produce more effect than a pat on the back and a laugh in the sleeve.

As usual, some of our comrades in misery still have the mistaken idea that it has fallen to their lot to set on foot some great revolution in the college journalistic world, and with this end in view have presented to us, in the various additions of their magazines, ideas which would do credit to a Plato or a Socrates. *Par example*, the gentleman who conducts the Exchange Department in the *Harvard Collegian* has given us a masterly plea in defence of the Exchange Department in college magazines—a defence which nobody with a semblance of every-day common sense would think of opposing. We are forced to deplore the subsequent example he sets us.

The March number of the *Amherst Literary Monthly* is devoted exclusively to the editors, and is deserving of the highest praise. It is replete in interesting short stories, and reflects credit upon the institution it represents. The idea is a novel one and altogether pleasing. The "Blunting of His Sword" is exceedingly interesting. The author shows decided ability.

The MESSENGER wishes to apologize for its seeming remissness in failing to mention the *Chisel* in its last issue. It was an unpardonable breach of courtesy, but could hardly have deserved that vindictive little outburst, which was about the best thing in the last number of the *Chisel*. We would advise this Madame de Stael of our *sister* college to partake of a more meager diet, and to refrain from devouring anything like too many *sour grapes*.

The *Wake Forest Student* is, as usual, of a high order. We read with pleasure "The Old Man's Story" and "A Remote Hiding-Place."

We acknowledge with thanks: *College Topics*, the *Pennsylvanian*, the *Phillipian*, the *College Transcript*, the *Earlhamite*, *Niagara Index*, the *Illini*, the *Mercerian*, the *University of Virginia Magazine*, the *Gray Jacket*, the *Buff and Blue*, the *Blue and Gold*, the *Red and Blue*, the *Vassar Miscellany*, the *Easterner*, the *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, *Elizabeth Chronicle*, the *Gulford Collegian*, the *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *Southern Collegian*, the *Georgetownian*, the *Georgetown College Journal*, the *Yankton Student*, the *Southern University Magazine*, *Furman Echo*, *King College Magazine*, and many others.

NOW, WHY?

Florinda wears an army cape
 From Cuba far away ;
 Her room-mate says she writes to him
 Twelve pages every day.

And if you lift her wee left hand,
 She greets you with a grin ;
 For on it you will find one ring,
 Distinctly Masculine.

Her family photographs she has,
 Her father and her mother ;
 And in the centre of them all
 Behold! a single Other.

The other maidens talk on Love
 Indifferently,—or try to.
 Florinda says she "doesn't know,"
 Or that she "feels too shy to."

But if they say men aren't worth much,
 She simply gets enraged,
 And then she thinks its queer because
 They whisper she's engaged !

— *Vassar Miscellany*.

Kissing my glove!
 Why, you stupid man.
 You should be above
 Kissing my glove.
 What! Prompted by *love*?
 And a *glove*. When you can—
 Kissing my glove
 Why, you stupid man.

—*The Illini.*

WANTED—A WORD.

Lost for want of a word !
 A word that I might have spoken !
 Who knows what eyes are dim,
 What hearts are aching or broken ?
 Go, scatter beside all waters,
 Nor sicken at hope deferred:
 Let never a soul by thy dumbness
 Be lost for want of a word !

—*The Mercerian.*

It was a winter's evening,
 The girl's work wasn't done,
 But gas was slim and lights were dim,
 So they 'greed to have some fun.

The bargain was that every girl
 On third or second floor,
 As soon as clock said half-past eight,
 Should go and slam her door.

We don't deny they had their fun,
 Nor that they slammed their door,
 But all are rather doubtful if
 They'll do it any more.

In days of yore by *hanging*
 The villain's life was ended,
 But that is o'er, the up-to-date
 Misdoer gets *suspended*.

—*The Chisel.*

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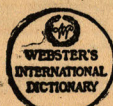
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